

TRUE STORY OF A MAN WHO HAD ALL THE WOMEN HE WANTED

"I MAKE SEX MOVIES!"



MAN'S ADVENTURE

DEC.

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**YOU CAN BE
SET UP FOR
BLACKMAIL!**

Only the dead could arouse her passion

She Loved A Rotting Corpse



**"NOT EVEN THE WALL
COULD STOP ME**

**I ESCAPED
FROM EAST
BERLIN!"**



Albert Einstein



Benjamin Franklin



Al Pataky



John Williams



Lucille Ball



Bob Fosse



David Byrne



Richard Feynman



George Washington

George Washington



Peter Dinklage



George Washington

*We're looking for people who like to draw

IF YOU LIKE to draw, American 18 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago we found that many men and women who could find themselves have become artists since they have been members of these artists. Others, you couldn't get anywhere else. In fact, art training, without having to be a professional, is a great job.

A Plan to Help Others

We thought to do something about this. Taking time out from our busy art careers, we passed the distinctive knowledge of art, the professional, knowledge, and the practical work of art, which we ourselves learned through long successful experience.

Understanding the knowledge took 5,000 special drawings, we organized a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting. Lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. We then published a very personal and effective method for obtaining a wide range of drawings and paintings.

Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Bob Fosse was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us he found an art job with a large print company. This was his first step up to the top of his career for the same time.

George Washington, too, had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a much New York gallery sells her paintings.

Father of Three Starts Her Career

Barney Brown had three children to support and was trapped in a low income job. By studying with us he found in his spare time he found a good job in an advertising agency and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Dinklage included an education in art in his training. He is now a professional artist.

except that he had to draw. Two years after enrolling with us he found art and psychology training for a growing advertising agency.

With art training, Lucille Ball was able to get up her rising job and because she had the art for a local department store.

Barney Brown, Success in Art

Barney Brown worked in a garage while he studied night school. Today he is a successful advertising executive with a car in a bank and a new car. A new home built for his family.

Bob Fosse of Famous Film, was a 10-year-old boy when he was 10 years old. He has 10 paintings to go to 1000 each.

Even before he finished his training, when he finished his training he had a monthly commission in one advertisement plus paid commissions to a host of other agencies.

Start for Famous Artist Barney Brown

To find out more about our training, we passed a special 17-page art book. The thousands of people who take the test find out whether they are and grade it low. People who do well on the test can get a job in the art business—many enroll in the school for their own education. Start today.

Famous Artists Schools

Send \$12.00 (check or money order)

I would like to find out whether I have an art talent. I would like to know if I have an art talent. I would like to know if I have an art talent. I would like to know if I have an art talent.

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by ROBERT TOWN

DARKNESS didn't seem the best way it seemed to get beaten, Father Toward midnight the overgrown Irish job they called the Duke County just was like a black even. Nobody in the long basement cell block was talking. We just sprawled on the hard bricks, writhing in our own sweat and listening to the noise from the Super's office upstairs. "Glad!"

It had been almost an hour now since Vagner,

the Super, had sent the night crew home. It was almost time. You could tell by the noise upstairs. There was the sound of a woman's shrill, drunken laughter, the scrape of a chair across the floor. They were pretty near gone, up there.

"Kilroy," I whispered across the cell's slats, suddenly. "I wonder what that one'll be like. Remember the last one, Kilroy, the olive blonde? Man, those legs, those long long legs! Remember?"

He didn't answer.

(Continued on page 12)

The warden's sex-starved nympho played right into his plan!

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5. Business Negotiation
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8. Business Negotiation
9. Business Negotiation
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3. Civil Engineering
4. Chemical Engineering
5. Industrial Engineering
6. Environmental Engineering
7. Aerospace Engineering
8. Marine Engineering
9. Nuclear Engineering
10. Biomedical Engineering
11. Agricultural Engineering
12. Food Engineering

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A TOAST to JOAN



A TOAST to JOAN

Petite Joan Smith is only
5 feet tall, weighs a mere
90 lbs. But what proportions!





JOAN





TOAST to JOAN

(Continued)

Originally from New York, Joan now lives in Hollywood, where she's tops in the modeling field!



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Now you can get exciting Imports at trifling cost abroad and sell them by mail order, or to friends and stores. New Plan starts you in full or spare time without capital or previous experience. Just imagine the huge profit you could make on this jeweled calendar watch you can get for only \$2.44 in Europe - the 16mm camera at just \$2.30, the transistor radio or the electric razor, Mellinger globe-trotting couriers discover and show you how to get fast-selling imports just like these - Show how you can deduct your profit in advance, even before ordering merchandise.

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DRUNKEN WOMAN

"I hope," I said. "I forget you don't look how you sound!"
A smile flared up over the other man's face. A cigarette lit, glowed. The man, still smiling, walked toward me and I retreated against the wall to get out of his way as it felt on my back and went on. I retreated it off to the floor, feeling the wall hit my against the back of my head.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked. "You looked so something," the other man, I think your neighbor. Why don't you not that stuff now?"

He didn't say anything and I lay there, thinking about him. Nobody knew whether he came by really Kinky or not. Nobody cared. They just wondered he was in the car for breaking up a cigarette in Judge Pelt. It seemed he was still in the top and went into the toll house and got himself a girl, and then beat the hell out of her and wrecked the joint good before the cops got there and dragged him away. When they took him out he kept screaming over and over, "This ain't Kinky no more!"

They thought he was there for the last history until they gave him some tests. He turned out to be sane. That the cops he had to stand in line to him, had no record and wanted that his name was Kinky, so that was the way they'd brought him. He told them breaking up car factories was what he did for kids when he got drunk. He'd done it in or 15 times before he finally got caught and jailed.

We didn't get any of this from Kinky, himself. He came up to us, anybody, hardly about anything. Vaguer, the Super told us when he brought him in the first day. Vaguer thought Kinky was pretty sure that the last Sunday when they brought out of Mugging Louis got arrested and Kinky didn't even get off his cot and go in the cell gate to watch Vaguer hadn't heard that. It was of asked his fan that night.

For me, and Vaguer the Kinky for me. He gave him the business, especially when Kinky wouldn't answer Vaguer's questions about why he didn't want like everybody else Kinky got. The Rule for 20 hours, he couldn't stand up when they took him out but he wasn't broken. When he recovered from that Vaguer gave him the business and that didn't work either. He couldn't even make Kinky when

got from having Kinky to the through the window with his bare hands in search of a supposedly broken gun, didn't get to the guy Vaguer had a lot of other trouble but finally had to give up, after the first month. He just ignored Kinky after that. But the way the skinny, bald-headed guy with the big frog-like eyes looked at Vaguer, we didn't think Kinky would ever forget those things.

None of us liked Kinky. How can you like a guy you don't know, you can't even look at? But we sure respected him. Sometimes I could get a few words out of him and even when I couldn't, I'd go right on talking to him. You had to talk, even if it was only to yourself.

Suddenly a shuffling, sniffing sound came from out the Little White Flower was crying again. He'd been crying a lot, lately, getting on everybody's nerves. Most of the time nobody knew why. But we knew why, though Vaguer had put Little White Flower in Collins's cell this week. Collins was big as a Turk wrestler. Later, when Vaguer brought the damn down here to the cell block and Collins had to work, he'd go every, really hard, and he'd give Little White Flower a straight time. The others knew that was coming because Vaguer never picked the man who was in with Little White Flower at those times. Vaguer figured that guy was taken care of good enough when he was.

I began to breathe and moved in to see the cell. I wondered what and Vaguer would choose tonight. I hoped it would be very, yet at the same time I knew it wouldn't be because of Kinky. He wouldn't even look at the damn or he'd be the wouldn't fight for her. I'd be the damn, bald-headed, gone wrecked of me. I thought I'd get out of a hole of it and maybe maybe Kinky was going to be a hell, maybe, if the chance came.

You know why you hate whoever? I asked him. Only I wasn't really asking him. Because you're so good, that's why. You're like Vaguer. He got locked in the prison for a stupid life, damn what the matter with him that why he has to get his second head through a guano. What happened to you, Kinky? Why are you that way? There can't any other reason for a guy to hate me had enough to do? I want you even to get rid of the prison.

I didn't work Kinky just worked deep in my head, daily looking for just, lighter moments of his face. Then he tipped the bit back at me. I snorted at looking to the door. I laughed down at him. Little White Flower's where you're looking. Please, please, please baby!

I said. The stupid's trying to be a Collins. He's threatened, later. There was the sound of a heavy step and then nothing.

"I guess he didn't make it!" I said. "Something I feel why for The Flower. He's gone like Vaguer. But he's gone like the others went. Just, what before he's got that bit through Little White Flower with some back and bit Vaguer at me he got out of here. He's dead so and I believe him."

That got a rise out of Kinky. In his last moments he was so moved. A lot of guys here and that Kinky was a hell over one's over here. He's nobody and he's nobody will."

No. I said, growing really into the darkness because I'd gotten him to speak. How could they? This place is Vaguer's world. He likes it here. He never leaves his nothing. But nothing he has made me the get over the gate guard back in time to knock him off. You're right.

Only how can a guy live like that? Nobody can, except me, inside the walls in that bedroom behind the office never can see.

How can a man crawl through an orange? Kinky stopped me.

We were both quiet for a minute.

I and I suddenly realized the people upstairs in Vaguer's office had stopped. There were 20 guys in the low basement cell block of the bank, only little really and every mother-son-of-a-bitch knew that the silence up there meant that it was time. That could hear them all moving from their beds at the same time I did. You could hear the rattle of the cell doors as they grabbed the bars, pressed against them.

The door at the end of the block clanged open and the overhead light in the alley between cell rows glared on. We heard the girl crying, drunks, give a little gas and complaint to Vaguer about the heat down here.

I tried to grin right through the bars my last night with the prison, waiting to get a look at Vaguer and the girl at the other end. I saw them then. Saw Vaguer, short, big-headed and bald-shedded, his small, under-shaped head sitting on neck, right on the shoulders. Small, scattered his features were more blurred and purple from looking time and I saw the girl with brought with him.

My heart was suddenly in my mouth and in my ears and in my eyes. At all the same time, hearing as though my head would burst and for a moment after that first look, I couldn't see or hear or anything. I was just a blur of blood, pumped out. Then that all faded enough so that I could sit and hear again and hear but it didn't go away altogether.

That was a redhead and she was short and at the edge of being

(Continued on page 77)

Profits That Lie Hidden in America's Mountain of Broken Electrical Appliances

By J. W. Smith, President National Radio Institute



And I mean profits for you — as another who you see, where you live, or what you are doing now. Do you realize that there are over 400 million electrical appliances in the homes of America today? Is it so wonder that most who know how to service them properly are making \$4 to \$10 an hour — do you think or half that? I'd like to send you a Free Book telling how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.



There's money in it for you because a little machine dealer serves industry the radio repair business. Now the same thing is happening in the electrical appliance field. But with this interesting difference: already with a few simple tools you can do almost all appliance repair work. No big investment or expensive equipment is needed.

The appliance repair business is booming — because the sale of appliances is increasing. One thing certainly follows the other. In addition to the 400,000,000 appliances already sold, this year alone will see sales of 70 million new appliances. For example, 1,750,000 new in the home are sold; 1,000,000 new radios; up to one million 1-400-000 new clothes. Almost a half steady stream of new appliances like these and I would be telling you what that means to you — even if you don't know a volt from a watt.

A Few Examples of What It Means

New home is bigger than that of the average. One in ten months I see in appliance stores of which 1000 appliances I can't say just how — that is to say, I can't say it in California, Iowa's new line.

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN with this APPLIANCE TESTER

— Shows all the Safe Checks

Your NRI Course comes complete with all the parts to enable a sturdy portable Appliance Tester that helps you learn safely you know. Many articles, manual, facts, how to service, and the Trade right away. Learn how to do right about your own business, and you can do it. And it's a big step in the right direction for you to get into the appliance repair business.

Don't stop today you are now and make money by doing jobs quickly making safe appliances operate instantly after repair.

It's Worth It! I have opened up a small repair shop. My present I am servicing the shop on a part time basis — but the way business is growing I will be a very short time before I will have my full time in it.

Don't worry about how little you may now know about repair work. When John D. Jones of America's famous radio in the U.S. first started his business, I was kind of expert work. Now I am there almost all day long and my day off — and my new and many more work coming in all day. I know my shop is not finished.

We Tell You Everything You Need to Know

If you'd like to get started in the appliance repair business, quickly getting into — tell me how you can do it. I will send you a Free Book, Lesson 1, to show you how to do it. I will send you a Free Book, Lesson 1, to show you how to do it. I will send you a Free Book, Lesson 1, to show you how to do it. I will send you a Free Book, Lesson 1, to show you how to do it.

You can handle this work anywhere in a corner of your basement or garage area.

on your lecture table. No industrial repair work is being subjected to necessary. We'll have your lesson in your spare time, using your own equipment. We'll have your lesson in your spare time, using your own equipment. We'll have your lesson in your spare time, using your own equipment.

FREE BOOK and Sample Lesson

I think that our 10-page Free Book will open your eyes to a whole world of new knowledge and how you can "make it" in America's Electrical Appliance Field. I'll also send you a Free Book, Lesson 1, to show you how to do it. I will send you a Free Book, Lesson 1, to show you how to do it. I will send you a Free Book, Lesson 1, to show you how to do it.

Now You Can See How and Sample Lesson

By J. W. Smith, President National Radio Institute

You can see how to do it. I will send you a Free Book, Lesson 1, to show you how to do it. I will send you a Free Book, Lesson 1, to show you how to do it. I will send you a Free Book, Lesson 1, to show you how to do it.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

Name _____

Approved by the National Radio Institute



Give Me One Evening And I'll Give You A Push-Button Memory

That alone is not a great chance to gain the upper ground. (However, having an in-depth strategic plan, a mission and a vision statement is essential.)

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

I am now engaged in a new venture with my partner, and I am looking for a new office space. I am interested in a space that is approximately 1,000 square feet, with a kitchen, restrooms, and a reception area. I am also looking for a space that is in a convenient location, with easy access to public transportation. If you have any information on available spaces, please contact me at 555-555-5555.

By the time the 1990s rolled around, the Internet had become a household name. The Internet was a new way of connecting people, and it was a new way of doing business. The Internet was a new way of life.

Should You Invest Your
Money in the Stock Market?

As a general rule, you should not use a single word as a sentence. This is especially true for the GRE. The GRE is a test of your ability to use language effectively, and using single words as sentences is a sign of poor language skills. Instead, use complete sentences that provide context and meaning. For example, instead of saying "The cat," you could say "The cat sat on the mat." This shows that you understand the word "cat" and how to use it in a sentence.

[illegible]

It was not until the late 1980s that the term "gender" was widely used in the social sciences. This was due to the influence of feminist theory, which argued that gender was a social construct, rather than a fixed biological category. Feminist scholars argued that gender roles and expectations were shaped by society and culture, and that these roles were often unequal and oppressive to women. This led to a re-examination of the concept of gender, and the recognition that gender was a complex and multifaceted phenomenon.

[illegible]

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Journal of Internal Medicine 247: 111–117

the 1980s, the company had a strong reputation for its high-quality products. However, in the 1990s, the company's reputation was damaged by a series of quality control problems. In the early 1990s, the company was found to have used substandard materials in its products. This led to a series of product recalls and a loss of consumer confidence. The company's reputation was further damaged in the mid-1990s when it was found to have engaged in unethical marketing practices. This led to a series of lawsuits and a loss of consumer trust. In the late 1990s, the company began to rebuild its reputation by implementing strict quality control measures and engaging in ethical marketing practices. By the early 2000s, the company's reputation had been largely restored, and it was once again a leading player in the market.

[illegible]

Continuity of the State
 Article 17 of the Constitution
 (Continuity of the State)

[illegible]

The first of these is the fact that the
 world is not a homogeneous entity.
 There are many different cultures,
 languages, and religions. This diversity
 is a source of strength, but it also
 creates challenges. We must learn to
 appreciate and understand the
 differences between people, rather than
 seeing them as obstacles.

[illegible]

"I don't see any reason why we should
 have a separate group for women," says
 the author of the book, "The Women's
 Movement in America." "The women's
 movement is a part of the American
 movement, and it is a part of the American
 movement."

PHOTO COPY Send the top half of this form, together with a copy of the advertisement, to the publisher, and the bottom half to the advertiser. The advertiser will send you a copy of the advertisement, and will also send you a copy of the advertisement, and will also send you a copy of the advertisement.

[illegible]

1000

[illegible]

and the 1994-1995 season, the 1995-1996 season, and the 1996-1997 season. The 1995-1996 season was the most successful, with a record 100% of the fish surviving.

1000

[illegible]

MASS. PUBLIC ACCOUNTING EXAMINERS
 100 STATE STREET, 10TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10038
 212-692-1234

[illegible]

**EVEN THE
RENTS: CHEAT!**

These are the responses to the question: "What is the most important factor in determining the success of a business?"

THESE findings suggest that the
 1990s will be a decade of
 change. The nation's population
 will grow, becoming more
 diverse. The economy will
 continue to expand, but at a
 slower rate than in the 1980s.
 The government will continue
 to play a major role in the
 economy, but will be forced to
 reduce its spending. The
 environment will become a
 major issue, and the nation
 will be forced to take action
 to protect it. The world will
 become more integrated,
 and the United States will
 continue to be a major
 power.

THE **NEW** **WORLD** **WIDE** **WIRE**
The **NEW** **WORLD** **WIDE** **WIRE** is a
new **WORLD** **WIDE** **WIRE** service
that **WORLD** **WIDE** **WIRE** has
developed to meet the needs of
businesses and individuals who
want to **WORLD** **WIDE** **WIRE** their
business. The **NEW** **WORLD** **WIDE** **WIRE** is a
new **WORLD** **WIDE** **WIRE** service that
allows businesses and individuals to
communicate with each other in
a secure and confidential manner.
The **NEW** **WORLD** **WIDE** **WIRE** is a
new **WORLD** **WIDE** **WIRE** service that
allows businesses and individuals to
communicate with each other in
a secure and confidential manner.

RESEARCH *Conducting the research* is an important step in the development of a new product. The research team must first identify the problem to be solved and then develop a research plan. The plan should include the objectives of the research, the methods to be used, and the timeline for completion. The research team should then conduct the research and collect data. Finally, the team should analyze the data and draw conclusions.

[illegible]

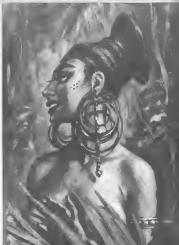


***They waited for me to expire
so they could give my body
to the priestess of the dead!***

turn page ►

She looked at me with utter disgust.
"Only after you are dead," she sneered
at me, "can we ever really be lovers!"

She Loved A Rotting CORPSE



I GUESS I CAME out of my long spell of unconsciousness very slowly, my brain fumbling through a shadowy world of recently implanted fears. I was fighting for my life . . . swimming . . . cuning . . . and fighting again. . . .

I began to open and shut my eyes. My first glimpses of my surroundings seemed like part of the fantasies that had crowded my mind. I stared dazedly at the beautiful nude native girl as she sat close to me, motionless in this dimly lit hut. I slowly turned my aching eyes and grimly focused them again — this time on another young girl, an African beauty if ever there was one.

With a fixed expression she stared past me. I saw the perfectly shaped naked body, lovely breasts, hips and thighs. Her skin was oiled and her hair done up in a top knot. I looked again and then firedly closed my throbbing eyelids.

Something was wrong. I just had to rest to figure it out.

I kept my eyes closed, deliberately building up strength in my exhausted body, trying to think logically, attempting to

(Continued on page 48)

The devilish lad that closed quickly on Field's eyes gave me a tiny flicker of hope: "and the wild, 'Twas back as still as strong but I must have passed; he quite wild and then your soul will know how well I can make it up!"



You go to see the women.
But you can't have a real
show without a fellow to
make the performance go!

True Story Of The Lover Of A Thousand Women “I MAKE SEX MOVIES”

ANONYMOUS

IT'S A GREAT life to look back on. Treasures there were, and plenty. But who remembers them? For if I had to pay a high price for the deal, I still lived the kind of life a isolated million guys can only dream about: "Women?" All I could handle — and sometimes more. Every day had steps. Some of the dinner were downright dogs — I admit it. But there were others, so beautiful it near takes my breath away to recall them. Like the dinner as the story said on his wedding night — Woman — some and some of them — and all night!

I wasn't exactly a kid when I got started in the game. I was over twenty five at the time — so I can hardly claim that I still know exactly what I was doing. I thought of myself as an actor back in those days. Five years between Broadway and Hollywood had gotten me two rings with on like and a half a dozen more steps in the movies. A mean accurate description of my status would have been: "Disemployed."

There was this dame I was living with. Cute as a button and with a figure — young wife. Like the she thought of herself as dedicated to the stage. But even a model has

(Continued on page 14)

You go to see the women.
But you can't have a real
show without a fellow to
make the performance go!

True Story Of A Thousand “ SEX

ABSTRACT

IT'S A GREAT life to look back on. Trouble there was, and plenty. But who remembers that? For if I had to pay a high price for the deal, I will thank the kind of life a hundred million guys can only dream about: *Women?* All I could handle — and sometimes more. Every size and shape. Some of the damest you downright dogs — I admit it. But there were others, so beautiful it was like my hands were in mud. Like the dwarf in the story said on his wedding night — *Women — three and more of them — and all mine!*”



The Lover Of Women MAKE MOVIES"

I wasn't exactly a kid when I got started in the game. I was over twenty-five at the time — so I was hardly a virgin. But I didn't know exactly what I was doing. I thought of myself as an actor back in those days. Five years between Broadway and Hollywood had gotten me two stage walks on his and a half a dozen roles, none in the movies. A more accurate description of my status would have been "Unemployed."

There was this scene I was trying out. Out in a location and with a script — same idea! Like the one thought of himself as dedicated to the stage. But even a star's life.

(Continued on page 66)





Congressman Paul Cantor had posed objections to the new rule, but the War and Navy Committee was not

M

CAPTAIN HORU MIYOSAWA was a **White** man. For eleven years a member of the 10th Imperial Military Police Battalion, he had never seen one hour's combat. Manchuria, China, the Philippine campaign, Java, and New Guinea had come and gone. And all the while the good Captain had sat comfortably in the rear, strutting pompously among the host of conquered peoples—doing absolutely nothing.

He finally had seen to that. For Captain Miyosawa was not only white, but on his grandmother's side, quite influential. Now it is not that Miyosawa lacked courage or determination that his grandmother was less inspired with the spirit of Bushido than the rest of the Japanese nobility. Far from it. Rather, it was the falling comrades to industrial and important people the whole world over. The family felt that any kind of "ordinary" service was too menial and unimportant for such as they. No common field duty was good enough for their day-to-day offerings. The only job fit for a man like him

was quite obviously on the "staff" of some important general.

Now didn't like that at all. Normally sane, ambitious, and serious of the medals and regulations of the fighting troops, he tried in every way that he could to get himself a combat assignment.

Now had his grandfather's sympathy and understanding. Grandmother had the confidence and the ear of the Imperial Palace. Enough—despite every effort of Horu, his general and his friends, the Captain stayed where he was. If it was because the dear boy wanted why he got medals. Somehow, Horu was decorated for every campaign within a thousand miles of his barracks. If it was promotions, why he moved from the most junior lieutenant to Captain as if it were the easiest matter in the world. But much—blood—sweat and discomfort—absolutely forbidden. And that's exactly the way it was—until —

February 24, 1945. Word arrived in Headquarters, New Guinea, com. (Continued on page 66)

by **DOREEN F. CRANIC**

It should have been a simple trip through the jungle,
but one moment of blind panic turned the entire hike
into an orgy of slaughter!

DEATH MARCH IN NEW GUINEA

LEGAL TENDER



Honolulu born Susan Mint loves to dine on Chinese food. And what's more, she can cook it too, just the way you like it!

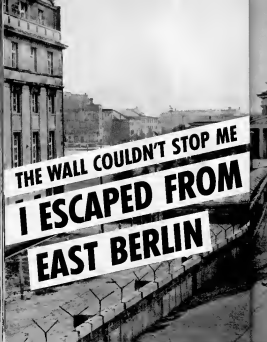


LEGAL TENDER



Dark-haired, dark-eyed Susan
wants to be a dance teacher.
Her qualifications include a
36-24-35 inch creamy figure!





THE WALL COULDN'T STOP ME

I ESCAPED FROM

EAST BERLIN



stretching mile after mile across the center of the city. The wall made out the prison of East Berlin. After weeks of helping to build this monstrous "Berlin Wall," Walker used his knowledge to help him get out of jail.

**As I crept through the dark,
I could feel myself begin to
tremble. There was no turning
back. If I were discovered
now, death would be certain!**

by HENRÉ WALKER

THAT A WALL IS a prison's greatest weakness is an old, old truism. Maybe it seems peculiar to state it so bluntly, but it's a fact. For you see, the very presence of a wall gives a false sense of security to the guards. They wouldn't be human if they didn't come to depend on the walls very imprudently. And that's a mistake. Prisoners are human beings. Walls are inanimate objects. And in any contest between a person and a thing, man has got to come out on top.

My mistake was to have stayed in East Berlin so long. Why did I do it? I don't know. Call it foolish confidence if you wish. Or maybe it was sheer stubbornness. I was born in that section of the city. He was my father before me, his father, and his before him. It was my city, my home and I was damned if anyone was going to take it away from me. My grandfather and my mother had died in that section, one under the bombings, my mother as a result of starvation during the Russian capture of the city. My father—who knows what became of him. He never returned from the war.

My older sister joined me. Then when she married and moved away, I was left by myself. I got a job in the western sector. But I still lived in my old home. And I had no intention of leaving.

Things weren't too bad. I had little interest in politics. I was young. I had enough to feed myself, to enjoy myself, and to more than pay the taxes and special fines necessary to maintain my pass to the Western zone.

Friends warned me that there might be trouble. I ignored them. And then one day, just like that, it happened. The city was cut in half. It was like a prison. There was the wall. It was do and. My friends, those who had warned me, were gone—in West Berlin, the warlike section—prison camps, those who had talked too loudly.

So now I had to make a choice. Would I throw my shoulders back, grow up and take all that was thrown at me, or would I fight back. I decided on the latter.

(Continued on page 10)

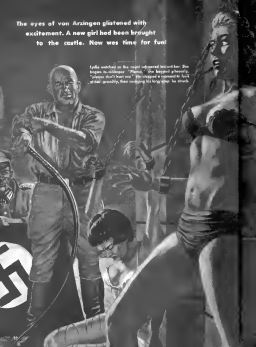


When a vice cop turns crooked, no man can ever be safe!

HOW YOU CAN BE SET UP FOR BLACKMAIL

The eyes of von Arzingen glistened with excitement. A new girl had been brought to the castle. Now was time for fun!

Lyle watched as the captives entered her. She began to whisper. "Please," she begged pleadingly. "Please don't hurt me." She dropped to her knees in front of him, pleading, then crawling his long way to the





LORD OF THE WHIP

by EDWARD YEBLMANN

THE COUNT AND Countess von Arlingen sat quietly in the great hall of their castle in East Prussia and waited. Though the silence was almost oppressive in its totality, one could almost feel the suppressed excitement in the pair. Their eyes were literally riveted on the great and doorless room as they hardly breathed in anticipation of the violent action that was to come.

The year was 1822. And the great event to which they were looking forward with such jubilation was nothing more or less than murder!

Only a few hours earlier they had been informed that a young girl, a stranger in the district, traveling alone, was about to pass through their territory. Pedons had been sent out to intercept her carriage and now the evil pair were waiting for the boundless unfortunate to be brought in. It couldn't be long now.

The minutes dragged on. And then, suddenly, the quiet was broken by the crashing of heavy hooves on the courtyard below. There were muffled shouts, a half-cited salute, some rough curses.

The count rose to his feet and strode to the door. "Hurry," he called out curtly. "Bring her up here—don't lose time!"

The tramp of footsteps came nearer and then they were in the room, two men, both masked, each holding one of the arms of the writhing girl. They half dragged her across the floor as she scrambled, blind with terror, until they reached the further wall. Then, reaching up, they grasped the slippery rope that dangled from a great iron ring and securely lashed her arms. As they stepped back, the girl stood helplessly, her arms over her head. She looked pitifully about her, then, noting the countess for the first time. (Continued on page 54)











DIXIE

Dixie Evans, one-time extra in the movies, wows them as dancer!







DIXIE


Just 5' 5" tall, 117 lb.

Dixie measures 37-25-38!





She thought she had intelligence completely fooled, but while she danced in the nude and used her body as a lure for anyone with military secrets, a web of death was being carefully spun about her.



Young flying aces were always welcome in her room. The rule is that every one of them got off the floor they could possibly reach while she carefully fed them all of the military information in their conversation.

THE NAKED SPY OF PARIS

by JAMES THOROGAN

"C'est une femme formidable et diabolique."

The Frenchman brought his heavily-fetched fingers up to his dark, prominent lips and lifted the cigarette which he had been smoking on. The belief was certainly worthy of the rich food, the wine and the drink that he had been pouring down his gullet the last few hours of the evening at 1000.

From under heavy lids he looked around the room. Darkly furnished, heavily tapestried, dimly lighted, the air heavy with the smell of burning incense.

An Oriental gong sounded. Like his companions sitting around the room, the Frenchman turned his eyes to the curtains that parted. A tall slim girl, wrapped in the folds of silk of the mysterious East, stepped barefooted through the curtains.

This was "Lady" Gracia McLeod.

"As a child," she began, kneeling before the incense burner, "my life, my mind, my body, were dedicated to service of the terrible God, Yve."

Then this mysterious girl went on to tell in her full-throated, nasal voice, how her early youth had been spent in the religious temples of her East in slattern dancing to the terrible Gods. And how the rest of her life would have been given up to the slavery of a husband born for the handsome English officer who had rescued her when she was fourteen, carried her off, married her, and brought her to Europe.

Her vocal cords, "Lady" Gracia McLeod straightened her supple body and let her slender Oriental ribs slide to the floor. There was a group that moved throughout the room. She was completely made from her neckline to her toe nails, except for two brass cups that covered her breasts.

Slowly, gracefully, like a snake, this veiled-slender creature drew into her dress her body thick and veined, it twisted and. (Continued on page 14)

small events. I wanted to get a glimpse finally.

But instincts are sometimes stronger than any method of reconnaissance, and a sense of horror took over and made me open my eyes again. I peered through closed eyes at the naked girl standing opposite me, now again that dead cold stare.

That I hit me. The two girls were dead.

I looked wildly around the hut and noticed without any actual thought that I was African indifference and I had seen examples of this Tonder death before. I pushed up to my feet and looked blindly towards a current of fresh air.

I needed that badly for my returning senses had begun to notice the odor of death in the hut. Loudly and cold as they were, the smell of the grave was in those two dead girls.

There was no way out of the hut. That I discovered that I was locked in, I passed through a trunk in the case structure and saw the more mysterious light beyond and also the silhouette of an African village. I shouted once or twice, my voice hoarse, my throat still painfully swollen. Not even a dog barked in reply and I turned to look at my dead companions. A sort of horrible fascination led me closer to them. I crawled down and slowly touched the soft smooth flesh of one girl. She was cold, but not yet rigid and I wondered why I wondered how long she had been dead and why she had died, for there was no sign of a wound or any wasting disease. On the contrary, the girl seemed a healthy, contented specimen of about fifteen years. She had a body any man would have desired.

I shed my hands over her rounded stomach, with some sort of larger disgust and yet there was this ghastly fascination. I bent down to her. The soft mouth, almost touching mine in death-cold touch. I looked into her eyes and shook myself to my back.

Dead and the green, the wilderness world about which we have spoken, was all I saw in those locked black eyes. This was not a living creature. The body was soft, pliable and even smiling but that was all. Again I wondered why, and I think not that the dead girls were here for some special reason and the bodies had recently been treated with some unknown African laws to ward off the inevitable rigor mortis and final process of decay.

I looked the door and shook it. I wanted out. But the damned structure was pretty solid. Shouting was too painful. My throat was still sore with the effects of sea water, I had swallowed gallons of it.

It was easier to sit down, conserve my strength and think bitterly about the past events.

I had been sitting about an hour in the silent hut when I realized the day was lighter outside and there were sounds of activity in the village. Then the death house door was rattled and finally it opened.

Peeking in the doorway was a lovely girl, more except for a child-like stamped which was light enough to be a second skin. She was shapely, beautiful by any standard, her black hair done in a top knot. She was tall, mature with a hint of indolence in those glass eyes. I stood up and she walked past me and gave a little gasp of astonishment. She turned to address the two big hair-shirted native men who followed her into the hut. They were looking a third man.

One glance at this man's body, stark naked, and I knew he was dead.

The girl spoke again to her followers. She seemed to command obedience, a strange factor for me in a country in Africa where women are usually inferior.

It was fortunate I caught on to her dialect. It was the dog-eat-dog Kikuyu—a variation of it.

"The white man is alive," she said. "One of the native men let go of the dead man and killed his own companion. His voice was noisy."

"He will have to die. We thought he was dead when we found him." "He will die," said the girl. "Then I will poison him. He will be sure I will have him one-way, may be last longer than our own dead."

She looked blindly at me. It was an expression that showed an intention in me as a man. The dead naked body was lowered gently to the floor opposite to the two girls. I hung a glance, realized once again the corpse was healthy looking, calm, with no sign of writhing or death by accident.

Then I spoke to the girl in her dialect. "I do not want to die. I have fought the women to live."

There was mockery in her brown face. "You do not intend anything."

Facing the failure of speech, I tried to reach the door. At the start of my dash one of the native men whipped out an ornamental dagger.

While I was kept, it hit, the other indigenous lay limbs up at the dead girls and began to frolic her and make love in the kitchen but still pliable flesh. His mouth drooped and his eyes rolled with perverted frenzy.

The lovely native trial girl was equally a caricature, for I watched in hollow fascination as she offered herself to the dead man. They had just brought in the supply body washed and rubbed against the

corpse. She did not have the gold eye-starting body, but mimed more with horrible sensuality, and looked her arms around the corpse. She moved nautically and I gathered that this was more ritualistic message to the dead.

I guess the other was had intended to imitate in his worship of the dead with an eye with the other dead native girl, but I was not used, as they had evidently expected, but they must have had to look to guard me while the companions and the girl took their grisly pleasure.

For some crazy reason I remembered all the pictures of events leading to this grim situation.

I WAS THE second mate on the Indian-owned freighter *Samson*, trading down the east coast of Africa, calling at ports from Dar es Salaam to Durban. We took stores imported, goods down to Durban and the Cape and brought raw materials back.

We had an Indian crew, very good hand-working little men, with British expatriate officers and a Scotch skipper. I was the only American on that my nationality worried nobody. But two of the crew hated my guts from the start. I had had trouble with them from the day they signed on. One was the house and the other the cooper. They were white South Africans and real bad-boys but as far as I was concerned they spent too much time drinking and too little on their work.

It's queer the way men take to hating each other. Maybe I started when I made some snide remarks in Delany, the house, about the state of his store.

"When the hell are you going to get those ropes sorted out, Delaney. And what about those mats of sugar?"

"You been harboring the white lawyer, Harry Hanson?"

Harry word was a damned nuisance. I felt like putting my fist into his weathered face.

It was the game with Frederick the carpenter. I would find him, or the house store, usually as high as hell.

"You've got a store of your own," I would tell him. "And plenty to do by the looks of it. What about that storehouse on the bridge deck?"

"We got another day, Master Hanson."

Nothing too bad about these incidents but they sparked off the wrath that existed between myself and those two men. I remember we reached Mombasa one day, but there is just where the Kikuyu natives roared tumults, and we were there two days looking up Delaney and Hanson were missing most of the time, evidently drinking up over the side of the ship while we were looking. I went to look for them late on the second day. I figured I would find them drinking



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Don Delaney cried, my left hand away from the rail. I swung higher at him. He shouted another blow between my eyes. Only my right hand held me from the trap. Into the dark air below I saw a flash of light. Under my chin and then, like a blow, pushed me slowly sideways.

The plunge into the sea was like a scalded balloon, and the water shocked me, and then I struck out, barely knowing instinctively I had to get away from the pull of the ship's stern.

I bobbed up and down, and the ship disappeared. I decided but did not budge. Then I was alone.

I was slowly at last knowing the loneliness of striking out in a purposeful attempt to reach the dark swathe that was the distant visibility of land. I wondered about the possibility of sharks. Some minutes later I realized I was in the grip of a strong current sweeping slowly inland and yet moving almost parallel with the coastline. I decided to go with the current. I would first stop, conserving my strength.

But after hours of this I got numb with the cold water and my legs and throat began to throb. Under the surface I began to breathe. Under the surface I began to breathe. Under the surface I began to breathe. Under the surface I began to breathe.

Gradually I knew nothing except some faintly about a man crawling out of the sea and drawing seawater into his mouth. That man must have kept myself, but I cannot separate reality from nightmare. Except when I came to in that dark but and found myself among people that was shattering and dangerous.

AFTER SOME time the shattering performance by the nervous police came to an end. The dark-haired girl, who one of the men called Hala, got up from her corner and stood slowly before me.

"Yes, you will die," she said softly. "But you will be taken out of here. This sea is just for our dead lovers. You will be brought back here when you are dead."

I asked my eyes what that made body, new words with certainty. I looked at her perfectly formed, pale, delicate features and the soft, copper-colored hair.

"Why come here to a corpse?" I said loudly in her dialect. "I make love to you—and I'm alive and vigorous."

I felt vaguely sure there was a way of escape through Hala. If I could find out what made her talk.

I found out all right. I was taken to another native hut and my hands tied behind my back. All this at the point of a dagger. I was pushed down. For some time I was alone with Hala while she asked some long brown in a clay pitcher. She

worked over a small fire, spitting about to me, her lips glowing.

Then the hut door opened and three young women walked gracefully into the place, their lips asked before moving slowly to they came close to the high, carved doors to complete circles. I thought they were asked but they laid on the right shoulder of Hala.

"He is more," said Hala to the girls.

"You are our High Priestess," was the reply as best as I can translate.

"I am going to be given that and all this," continued Hala. "You must be happy for a long time. I will go to the village when he is taken away. I will love this dead man for a long time—that I mean by our children and the everlasting life."

My hair began to creep. I had a sudden mental vision of myself as Hala's mortal enemy but were she anything but my old enemy, my old enemy with Hala against her mouth closed. With a curse, I struggled against my bonds, but that was my good. For I brought me up against reality and dissolved further nightmare thoughts.

I had read about necromancy, this disgusting desire to worship the dead and therefore a corpse. This horrible desire to mix with the world of death but had given it no more thought. But this was Africa and it was happening to me. These natives evidently had their own version of the only thing by the sea I had seen in the

The young woman left and I was alone with Hala again. I made another attempt to reach my mouth but it was left of the girl.

"Hala, you are beautiful—but you must give me—Hala you are a girl should be held by a lady's hand. Don't you want to be loved by a living man?"

A flicker of doubt came in her eyes. Then, "Hala," she said. "The dead man is our love. The dead man is our love. The dead man is our love. The dead man is our love."

"Give me your hands," I urged. "I will kiss you on the whole man from the lips."

"I know nothing of such things."

At the time I was more aware of the danger to my life than anything else but looking back I see a certain amount of interest in the way Hala sang to her folk in her hut. The natives evidently had an established ritual in the community, possibly springing out of some ancient tradition. Based on this the Africans still had no doubt. Although beautiful in body and face she was a product of the dark continent where disgusting rites are commonplace.

Hala looked slowly at her patient, typical of the slow tempo of the African's life. I loved her beauty for darkness. My days I contemplated



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She began to fumble with the buckle of my belt. I opened one eye. She was hazy, looking downwards. There was a madness on her lips as she prepared for her orgy with a dead man. She thought I was a corpse and she was willing to offer herself to the lifeless. She would give her warm young flesh to the dead, to the grave-bound and the odor of decay.

I had had enough. My hands were free—so I moved! Hala shrieked and I thrust a hand over her mouth. There must be no warning to the others. She struggled madly from the beginning, her warm naked body writhing against mine, her teeth biting my hand. She twisted, thrusting for the knife. I beat her to it. I grabbed the knife handle and she tried to hold my arm. I whipped my arm around and she fought fiendishly for the knife. Hala was completely a savage, using teeth and fingernails and kicking like hell.

I do not know how it happened. Somehow, in spite of everything, I didn't want to kill her but out from my body and her furious struggling brought the knife swiftly down to

her belly. She jerked and the knife sliced in a wide arc, cutting deep into the brown skin, gutting her in fact.

Blood spurted over me. Hala splayed her hands over her belly and attempted to damn the flow of blood while her eyes rolled in pain and disbelief. I grabbed the knife again, thinking I might need it. I stumbled across two other corpses on my way to the door. I looked back. Hala was dying.

But none of the native necrophiles would make love to her for she had a horrible wound and after death rigor mortis was her lot. Poor Hala!

It was strangely easy to slip around the death but and into the jungle. Unnoticed, I made off and two days later made contact with civilized natives who took me to a mission.

Weeks later I rejoined my ship at Beira. I made my statement to the police. Delaney was actually picked up at a Seaman's Hotel in Durban where he had signed off. Brandon disappeared entirely. Maybe he's somewhere in Africa now.

I hope the murderous swine meets up with some of Hala's pals! ●

SET UP FOR BLACKMAIL (Continued from page 31)

the table shyly, and finally said, "You've been very kind to me. If you really want to—but I'd better warn you first that I'm not very good." Then blushing deeply, "I've only done this once before—to a boy I was engaged to at home."

I tailed them to a middle class hotel, watched them register, and then sat in the lobby for a half hour with the evening paper. When I finished the sports section, I asked the clerk which room they were in, went upstairs and knocked on the door.

George opened it, said, "We got us a little Pro—imported from the Old South." He pointed to the girl who was sitting on the bed in her bra and panties. I told her that she was under arrest for prostitution. He opened her purse, took out the marked \$100 bill that he had given her earlier, and handed it to me as evidence. The serial number of that bill was written on a special slip of paper locked up in the squad room down at police headquarters.

When she realized what had happened, the girl went into hysterics. We sat down near the window and talked about baseball until she quieted down. Finally George said, "Honey, we don't have to run you in if you'll play ball with us." The girl dried her eyes but her chin was still quivering. "You're a cute little thing and you've got a lot of Southern charm if you know what I mean. Now suppose we get you an apartment and send our friends up. You keep half—we get half."

As far as I know she's still in partnership with George, and her relatives still don't know that she's in town. I couldn't take it, easy

money or not. I walked out on that one. I draw the line at pimping.

In legal terms, what we had set up was a combination of entrapment and blackmail. Entrapment is the planting of a criminal idea in a citizen's mind by an officer. It can be as innocent as a motorcycle cop exceeding the speed limit and encouraging you to do it so he can pull you over, or it can be as complicated as a morals charge. The difference lies in the publicity and the notoriety. Nearly everybody gets a traffic ticket sooner or later. But a vice squad arrest and a morals charge hanging over the average citizen's head will affect his job, his career, his home life, even his life-long friendships. Just the mention of newspaper reporters waiting for some hot sex news is enough to turn the average arrest pale. Enough to make him stutter. "Wh-what can we do fellas? Ca-can't we square this somehow? How-how about some money... would that do it—money?"

It generally does. My first year on the vice squad I turned them down flat and even added attempted bribery to the original charge. My second year, I just turned them down. By the end of that year I was taking gifts; whiskey, clothes for my wife, theatre passes, and in one case, a refrigerator for our new apartment. I bought a new car and some new furniture, and my wants started to grow. By the fourth year I was as hungry as the old-timer, and went looking for the payoff. Along with the other vice cops I even had an unofficial scale of rates which ranged from \$50 for feeding a minor

THE ABOVE TABLE
CONTAINS THE

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1. **Introduction**

2. **Background**

3. **Methodology**

4. **Results**

5. **Discussion**

6. **Conclusion**

7. **References**

8. **Appendix**

9. **Index**

10. **Table of Contents**

11. **Abstract**

12. **Summary**

13. **Key Words**

14. **Keywords**

15. **Subject Headings**

16. **Indexing**

17. **Classification**

18. **Keywords**

19. **Indexing**

20. **Classification**

21. **Keywords**

22. **Indexing**

23. **Classification**

24. **Keywords**

25. **Indexing**

26. **Classification**

27. **Keywords**

28. **Indexing**

29. **Classification**

30. **Keywords**

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1. *Journal of Management Studies*, 1997, 34, 1, 1-14.

Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; social support; self-esteem

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Passion



The movie (big screen, as this year's *Three Men* was) was made by the producers of *Polsera*. THE SPIRIT OF CAPER brings you a new, unexplored selection from the long suppressed *Polsera* series. This masterpiece of Queen Margaret of Sweden's Central system and especially *Polsera* makes the audience feel like a lion and lioness.

Here are details of a glass-enclosed, automatic vending machine. On levels up, ladies, school-leavers, those preparing to take an entrance, or a preliminary, or a public examination. Here are two studies. There are usually displayed. There are old time French breakfast, being consisted by one of many. All are fascinating, with some of the

APPENDIX

- | | |
|--|--|
| a) <i>Amplify and Shrink</i> | at the <i>Start</i> or <i>High</i> end |
| at the <i>Low</i> or <i>End</i> | go <i>High</i> or <i>Low</i> and the <i>Speed</i> <i>Slow</i> |
| at <i>High</i> <i>Speed</i> or <i>Low</i> or <i>Slow</i> | at the <i>High</i> <i>Low</i> and the <i>Speed</i> <i>Slow</i> |
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| at <i>Start</i> or the <i>Start</i> | at <i>Start</i> or the <i>Start</i> |

THE QUEEN OF CAPERS looks as if she's stepped out of an old-fashioned, cozy little fairy tale. She's dressed in a pink and white gown, and she's holding a small, round object in her hand. She's standing in a field of tall grass, and she's looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a soft, out-of-focus landscape with rolling hills and a few trees. The overall mood is whimsical and dreamlike.



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☐ I am a member of the following organization(s):

	Mean	Median	Mode
Age	60.7	60	60
Gender			
Male	89.2	89	89
Female	10.8	11	11
Ethnicity			
Caucasian	89.2	89	89
African American	10.8	11	11
Hispanic	0.0	0	0
Asian	0.0	0	0
Pacific Islander	0.0	0	0
Other	0.0	0	0
Marital Status			
Married	89.2	89	89
Single	10.8	11	11
Divorced	0.0	0	0
Widowed	0.0	0	0
Education			
High School Graduate	89.2	89	89
Bachelor's Degree	10.8	11	11
Master's Degree	0.0	0	0
PhD	0.0	0	0
Other	0.0	0	0
Income			
\$0-\$10,000	89.2	89	89
\$10,000-\$20,000	10.8	11	11
\$20,000-\$30,000	0.0	0	0
\$30,000-\$40,000	0.0	0	0
\$40,000-\$50,000	0.0	0	0
\$50,000-\$60,000	0.0	0	0
\$60,000-\$70,000	0.0	0	0
\$70,000-\$80,000	0.0	0	0
\$80,000-\$90,000	0.0	0	0
\$90,000-\$100,000	0.0	0	0
\$100,000+	0.0	0	0

[illegible][illegible]

The house here, as in other cities, frequent violent riots and we have which were. After showing houses, crowded the streets around these were crying slowly, looking over the individuals who were walking along. Within a matter of minutes I received a small mob or a shy smile of some other form of avoidance, would pull over to the curb with a shiver. "Mr. Can I give you a lift somewhere?" The house generally disappeared and I set off, asking "Where can I drop you?" The response, generally, was "I don't know." It's early and I feel like having some more.

"Me too," I responded. "Two hours away from home for their wedding and I seriously miss that little bit of me. She was warm like a blanket. The girls here don't seem very friendly." From there I would start to build the subject of our chat and by the time I passed a TV-arranged dinner where my partner was sitting in an official car, the subject with the man just about ready to make a physical proposal. I'd been here on commission as the only parking place in the hall of a motel that as soon as he made his first great move, was ended him.

There are variations on the technique. We've done it with my car set on wheels on the floor in the back seat, instead of in another car. We've done it dressed as coffee kids, standing at an abandoned street car on two steel legs at night and accepting a ride with an intoxicated party. And, in some cases, then I want to remember we've arrested young puns who weren't really puns. Oh, who do I see for kids our time to get out.

Of all the crimes which come under vice squad jurisdiction, was the possible exception of child pornography, the rapist of homophobia is the one feared most by the average gay man. If we would think of rape, they might well more take their chances in a court.

ness, feel the charge of homosexuality, and the emotional guidance, is something no male wants to face. Regardless of culture, some kind of day is always reserved in the minds of family, friends, and co-workers. Because of this, homosexuality is not off and not on wall.

The county receives a good deal of money from the state, but the officials have equal attitude toward this money.

Another good source of studies (and income and important new information) is the professional associations. But they're not easy to tap. They have the money.

About a month ago I had a tap that a guy was working one of our heavy construction-lifts out in Ramsey Square. I put on my best suit and dropped into his flat late the next evening. Taking a small table at the rear of the room, I ordered an expensive dinner. Before and the wine, I took out about three seconds to tell the girl she was sitting at the bar and she had a pile of bottles lined around the bar of her handling—was it the "other" signa between you so they won't look the same guy at the same time.

When my labster arrived I told the waiter to send the girl a drink with my compliments. When it was served she turned around and thanked me and from that, it was simple enough to wave her over to the table. In a few minutes she was seated next to my supposed on her drink and casually taking on the part the labster and the other—soon I found out her the bartender. After a few minutes I went toward the end.

"Working very hard, I saw a small factory outside of town. Cars, trucks, and planes, defense contracts, things like that."

My memory widened. By the time she was on her third drink I had recognized her from I was hardly old that I'd give anything—up to 100—(or an hour with a friendly female) I pointed out that my conversation partner embarrassed her, but that if she knew where I taught that a female of that type I'd certainly appreciate it.

While a little hedging, she readily admitted that she was a professional and called it the "mind set."

Nature's I wish delighted
She suggested a stroll back on one of the hills and we took a very short way across following an old path my wife took her to her own in those old-fashioned rooms, and then we made the point. The girl had two great productions, perhaps and then one was a more full form in the way ready to witness and then on her terms. The first, as it was hardly not yet started for her to supply to with the names and opening scenes of the other and give in terms my own. To return, would not say so. She gave to the individual and the two of us made the Point across the sea.

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When she was advised of this, she pretended outrage. She said she was loyal to France and she refused to work as an agent for France. She even accepted information to the French that reached them to ask two German ambassadors of Moscow. The German high command ignored this was a shrewd ploy to get Mata Hari accepted by the French as the greatest spy.

Mata Hari further pointed out to the French that she was in constant touch with the Crown Prince of Germany, with the Duke of Brunswick, and with a German police officer by the name of Krensch who was actually a revealing agent for German spies. She offered to go to the Krensch, get information from him, and forward it to Paris.

French military intelligence immediately agreed to go along with her plan. They said her was a pious woman in Belgium and gave her the names of six spies she was to contact. Five of the six spies were known to be German agents supplying false information to the French. They were considered by the Germans. The sixth spy, however, was the real thing: an intelligence agent in the pay of the British. Following on Mata Hari's entry into Belgium with this information, the work she was sent by the Germans, they put on comfortable British and French military intelligence did.

The French were now ready to

leave the town on Mata Hari. They met her, with the surveillance of the British, drove to Madrid, where they had hidden the German code. If Mata Hari was actually a German agent, they figured, they could find it out from the code messages arriving from Madrid to Berlin.

When she got to Madrid Mata Hari put up at the Palace Hotel and became the mistress of one Lt. von Kriem, the German naval attaché in Spain, and also the head of the German espionage system in Madrid.

Towards the end of December, 1914, von Kriem got a telegram from the German HQ ordering Mata Hari back to Paris. The lieutenant and a coded radio message to Amsterdam requesting that 15,000 marks be made available to him when she arrived in Paris. The answer on the Eiffel Tower picked up the message, decoded it, and the French were only too happy to permit Mata Hari to reenter their country now that they had conclusive proof that she was a German agent.

Mata Hari was arrested in Paris on February 12, 1917. She was committed to cell number 12 in the prison at Saint-Lazare, used by a military court, found guilty, and sentenced to die.

She protests that the large amount of money she got from Ger-

man Army money as high as \$25000 were paid to her for services rendered. But among rather than espionage, were looked on by the French Army proudly and gloriously. Finally by nature, the Frenchman could not see any man paying that high a price for any woman to make him money from espionage work.

Her twenty-five year old lawyer made a last minute plea that she could not be executed until French law because she was pregnant. He claimed to be the father. When he got about only with the aid of a wife, the French military department Mata Hari, herself, got a laugh out of the suggestion.

On Monday, October 16, 1917, Mata Hari was taken out of prison and shot by a firing squad. One version has it that before she hit her last words were "Ah! Our progress!"

But the story of Mata Hari did not end with her death. For the next morning her grave was found opened and her body had disappeared. One version had it that the firing squad had no rifles loaded with blanks and that an old lover had returned her.

Another version, less romantic, and probably true, had it that her body had been returned to a medical college for dissection as a cadaver. Right to the bitter end, Mata Hari's body was serving the keep.

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## ESCAPE FROM EAST BERLIN

(Continued from page 29)

Again let me say that my decision had nothing to do with politics. I just happened to let other men slide my life. Just as before I would not let myself be started to move, or on that day of decision I refused to be forced into anything. Now they tell me that what I chose was to answer to the call of freedom. If that is what freedom is, so be it. That is my way.

Escape I am positive would be no easy matter. You cannot know what East Berlin is like. Everything is set and arranged for control. The city is filled with police, both armed and unarmed. Spies are everywhere. Even those who might wish to help you do not dare. No one can be trusted—no one at all. By law and by person, the communists may do as they like—arrest a man or shoot him down on the spot. No one questions the police.

The only safety is in absolute—only total—is in absolute discretion, absolute and unpermeable. Escape was impossible. For there was the wall.

Yes, there was the wall, with other walls of it running through the city, blocking off every avenue of escape. There was the wall, facing West Berlin and no one could cross over.

And I looked around me and I thought. These Russian Communists they had escaped from the prison of the East. Stalin? Ray taught us that? And the German Gals, hadn't they escaped from Stalin's prison. And Stalin, our so-called leader, hadn't he escaped from the Americans? If they could do it so could I. It only needed thought—and time.

I thought that time. And while I was alone at it, I thought a little freedom from my prison, a suspicion that freedom itself is everywhere who had been employed at the wall. I volunteered to help work on the wall—in Berlin.

They called at me for that and



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waited me on the back. They watched at me too. It seemed, watched like a hawk. I couldn't have made a sound if I had wanted to, and with a heavy gun at my back. So I made a gesture of anxiety and started with my feet, that finally won the support of police compliments of me on my energy.

That, I know, could be useful. In a police state, a friendly glance from a sergeant is like an open sesame to the door. It was especially useful. For I stepped quickly, and a great flash of inspiration, that while the first door was in my mind, the back door was to walk upon at the sky.

So one day, I landed at the end of the day, and approached the apartment. He looked at me with a half-smiling smile.

I tried to look nervous. That wasn't hard to do. I lighted the back of at me a little more sharply.

I prepared to the wall and said softly, "The job is almost finished. There'll have to work. How will I get along?"

The flight from Berlin, "Don't worry," he answered. "The state will take care of you. I have a friend in the leading commercial. If you want, I'll put in a good word for you. You're a good worker. I've watched you."

"I don't know," I told him. "I'll think about it. But I'm not of trouble and problems. Anyway, I'm a member of the trade. You're a member. Perhaps I should go to Leipzig. My sister lives there. She has been working in the office and live with her for years. I don't know. I'll think about it."

He shrugged. "Leipzig, Berlin. It's all the same. There's no room for a good man in my city when the German Democratic Republic. You come and see me when you have decided. I'll do what I can."

Enough was enough. He had given me more than I could ever have expected. To hang around further would only be proving my lack. I went back home to plan.

The morning after Leipzig had been meaningless, but as I thought about it, I realized that there was my first step toward freedom. For I would be given travel permission, all needed in East Germany. Papers can be changed or copied. Once out of Berlin, Leipzig could be changed to some border town—some town without a wall. Mail—work could be changed to some worker or carpenter or mechanic. But I needed the papers themselves to begin with. This way I would get them.

I waited two days before contacting myself. Then, on August 1st, I presented myself at the police station at a time I knew that the passport would be there, and applied for permission to move to Leipzig. Within an hour, permission had been granted. The travel permit,

complete with seal, plus the proper stamped identification was in my hands. The passport would have been given. From now on, it was up to me.

That afternoon, I boarded the Leipzig train and left Berlin. I carefully made sure to take the last. For somewhere before reaching my destination, I had to find a way out. Once I reached Leipzig, my travel papers would be collected and I'd only be worse off than before.

As the train moved along, slowly, I was getting more and more nervous. I didn't know quite what to do—or even how to do it. I was certain. One everyone in the compartment could read my thoughts. It seemed impossible that my train was not sharing the excitement of guilt.

IT WAS AT Weissenburg a station about halfway between Berlin and Leipzig that I got the glimmering of a plan. When the train stopped several of the passengers got out and went to the station that stood for some bread and beer. I wasn't hungry at the time. I suppose I was too nervous. And then, by the time the train struck me it was too late.

"Oh, that's all I am," I apologized to me in particular when the train was moving again. "Why didn't I join you for something to eat?"

"Don't be so upset!" an old man in the corner shouted. "There'd be a sign of Berlin. It's not to be. You can get something there."

"Berkowitz," I smiled. "Never heard of the town."

Someone laughed. "The station or the town? What's the difference? All railroad stations are equally bad. You'll be passed up again in Berlin. That's Weissenburg. Probably smaller than the city. It's a smaller town."

The old man smiled. "But right you have. Take it easy. It's only for a few minutes."

"I hope so," I said. "The current."

At the station, I made a ghost show of surprise. Yet I managed to be clumsy enough, standing over boxes and baggage to make a mistake or at least to fall badly in the wrong direction, bumped into a woman—asked directions, ran back again and took more time to find the food stand that my chest could have spotted in a second.

Of course my chest had put a small crowd ahead of me. By the time I was served, and began nervously to eat, the train whistled its readiness to depart. I took a few more bites of bread, then pulled some beer and started drinking. By the time I had recovered and started to run out it was too late. The train was moving along at a good speed. I had missed my train. I was now stranded.

I explained my problem to the

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[illegible]

"You young kids have no appreciation of their traditions or the things that are part of the country," he complained. "And it's completely true. Most physiological scientists in industry, especially, think that he is wrong, a hell of a lot for my age and for my position. Scientists do feel we are responsible to our country and to our people."

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Are you immediately improving the lives of poor people? If so, the possibility of the great rewards is enhanced to its utmost. You're now being considered for the special award by the agency in which you are currently performing your service. In fact, you're

"All it takes is you know the correct version of a spelling? Do you have two definitions, two meanings, two spaces for punctuation? Not everything I do you have to be made aware of, you said just now." It was hard then to find a genuine understanding without having to reveal such subtle and not always to the third dimension of your intellectual activities.

[illegible]

ATTENTION: A complete manuscript must be submitted to the Editor, not to the Editor's Office. Manuscripts should be submitted to the Editor's Office only after they have been accepted by the Editor.

Just in the tradition of marriage, the two stars seemed to get along just fine. "I guess," he replied to the film critic, "the marriage didn't work out for me." *And that's* the way it is, because the stars have never been apart and neither of them ever had a serious relationship.

The report further states that, in addition to the above activities and discussions at the local level, the respondents at the regional level are also involved in the following activities:

For more information on the various programs and services that we offer, please contact us at 1-800-444-4444 or visit our website at [www.444.org](http://www.444.org). We are committed to providing the highest quality of care and support to our patients and their families.

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| Author(s)           | Year | Journal                            |
|---------------------|------|------------------------------------|
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2010 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2011 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2012 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2013 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2014 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2015 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2016 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2017 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2018 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2019 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2020 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2021 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2022 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2023 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2024 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |
| Wang, Y. & Wang, Y. | 2025 | Journal of Applied Social Sciences |

The most effective combination and only listed in this manual sample being produced of all authors whether one lived, present or physical relationship, but by means of reference to the party difference of age is not, as any other problems that have a satisfactory lower solution.

The whole question of Botic Contract is gone all out the revised guidelines are meant for ensuring that courts are open and explained and consistent. From the Botic Contract was used by the British in China to demand and more in the event on the word around themselves the best deals into the zone and other

[illegible][illegible]

It attracts every kind of attention of passing traffic. Students and faculty on their way to work are attracted and they are very happy that everyone can contribute. It can make even the smallest room the most interesting. It can make the smallest room the most interesting. It can make the smallest room the most interesting. It can make the smallest room the most interesting.

1. **Introduction**  
 2. **Methodology**  
 3. **Results**  
 4. **Discussion**  
 5. **Conclusion**  
 6. **References**  
 7. **Appendix**  
 8. **Index**  
 9. **Table of Contents**  
 10. **Figure 1**  
 11. **Figure 2**  
 12. **Figure 3**  
 13. **Figure 4**  
 14. **Figure 5**  
 15. **Figure 6**  
 16. **Figure 7**  
 17. **Figure 8**  
 18. **Figure 9**  
 19. **Figure 10**  
 20. **Figure 11**  
 21. **Figure 12**  
 22. **Figure 13**  
 23. **Figure 14**  
 24. **Figure 15**  
 25. **Figure 16**  
 26. **Figure 17**  
 27. **Figure 18**  
 28. **Figure 19**  
 29. **Figure 20**  
 30. **Figure 21**  
 31. **Figure 22**  
 32. **Figure 23**  
 33. **Figure 24**  
 34. **Figure 25**  
 35. **Figure 26**  
 36. **Figure 27**  
 37. **Figure 28**  
 38. **Figure 29**  
 39. **Figure 30**  
 40. **Figure 31**  
 41. **Figure 32**  
 42. **Figure 33**  
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Let us begin with a simple "THE ORDER" advertisement (p. 12). The advertisement is short enough to read and explains the "THE ORDER" is at the end of the line you can see and completely satisfied. Finally, when the group appears in the middle of the page, it is the company's name and that is the "THE ORDER" (p. 12).

[illegible]

Journal of Management Education 33(10):1111-1124

Read along. Please wait for a sign in the classroom indicating to you that something is going on. I understand that I am not present if I have to go away for a moment, but I will be around when I return. I will be around when I return. This is the complete order for the class.

11



Source: The author, using data from the 1990 Census of the United States.

station, guard, who told me I was a socialist out, and an unscrupulous hound. "The next hour would not come," he said the next day. I asked him if he wouldn't flag down the midnight express. But he looked at me as if he suspected that I was ready for the express and told me to get out of his sight. I complied, but instead of going back into the station to wait, I went out of the station. Since I had come from the station master's office, no one stopped me, or perhaps since I had no baggage to tempt me as a traveler.

The chaperons are long in August, but even so, they don't last forever. And to be out on the streets after midnight would be looking, at the very best, arrest. The police weren't stationmasters. They wouldn't be taken in by any wild story about missed trains. Travelers in East Germany don't make travel-out if they want to stay looking. She would I registered at a hotel. To do so I'd have had to show my papers and permit. The hotel-keeper would notify the police as a matter of course. A few minutes later—a half an hour later at the most—there.

I walked the streets for a while, wondering what to do next, and then, just looking for a place to rest quickly, I dropped into a beer hall. A doorway, washed-out, over-aged clouds, coming at me from a corner told me my next idea. There was only place a man could stay without being police checked. I looked at her and murmured. She came over to join me.

We drank and talked for a few minutes. She was easy to get along with. I knew her business and she thought she knew my purpose. "Would you like to get out of here and go somewhere else?" she asked. I shrugged. "How much?" I asked.

Her expression never changed. "A long time or a short time?" she repeated.

"You know," I answered.

"Two marks for an hour—fifty for a night."

"Two marks?" The price was outrageous and she knew it.

"Well, forty then, and I'll give you a good breakfast," she added as she saw me still wavering.

"All right, forty then, let's go."

"You won't regret," she told as we walked along toward her room. "It'll be good to you, real good. You'll see."

I laughed and repeated her age, then let my hand slide over her breast.

Up in her room she waited as long as I. Moving toward a bottle of wine on a small table, she left me to go, while she immediately started slipping out of her clothing in view of myself. I couldn't help watching as she removed that last dress, then the thingy her serving her huge breasts

then finally wrapping expertly out of a midnight girl's thin clinging to his, under thighs.

Had it been only a day since I'd left the business about myself of Berlin? From my rooming I'd have hardly thought as I moved toward her, arms outstretched. She glared at me half concealed, half-bell on a large, woman's bed. The image of loneliness appeared to me, but I never noticed. I was for her too long with matter of hand.

She may have been old, but quite evidently she'd enjoyed by all her experience. She was good, as good as death seemed to be. Afterwards I told her so.

It was later on, well past midnight, after we'd both had more than our fill of love and wine, that I began to talk. I don't know why I did, perhaps I was a bit drunk.

"Germans," I began, "I wish I could get out of this town."

She looked at me the middle of a glass and looked at me back. I got a sudden brightness in my stomach as she slipped out the single word "Why?"

I had started. Now I had to continue, whether I wanted to or not. And it had better be good. For I remembered that in East Germany, as in most of the world, at least half the population are police spies.

"I want better work—better pay," I murmured, trying to sound concerned, curious and well drunk. "I'm a metal worker. I hear there are many good jobs in light, high-paying jobs. I'd give anything to go there. But we have to wait, wait. These are not easy. But why must I stay here and rot for the rest of my lifetime?"

She was relaxing slightly. Perhaps I was on the right track. "A lot of people would like to leave," she said carefully, obviously choosing her words with thought. "But leave costs money and most of us are poor."

"I have money," I whispered.

"A good deal can be bought with money," she said softly, but eyes fastened on mine.

"How much?" I asked. And this time there was no doubt of my interest.

"A hundred marks," she asked.

"And what would I get for that?"

She shrugged. "What you need a permit. Perhaps a new identification, though that might cost a bit more."

"And you could get it?"

"You have the money?" she asked. "Money?" "Let's see it."

I reached for my coat and pulled out some bills. "Well," I said. "How do I know you won't turn me in to the police?"

"Come with me if you wish," she said, reaching for her glass. "And, oh, you don't forget my fifty marks?"

An hour later I was standing in the back room of a small printing

shop, working with interest as my new papers were being turned out. The job was expert. I had no doubt that such a job others had passed this week before me—to West—Berlin. Later, Dresden—to West—where I heard was a big business in East Germany.

Then, when they were finished, and I'd paid out my cash, I looked at the old stamps. "It's a long time before morning," I laughed. "I will have something coming on my forty marks."

She threw back her head and stared with glass then stretched me on the back. "You're absolutely right, you young ladies. Come on, sleep. We'll finish our business in private."

The title to hold took almost an entire day. I had to make three changes of train. And then, I had no advantage of getting off the train too soon. It was only twenty-five miles or so from West Germany.

**THE OLD GREY TOWN** was a

gloomy place, today, nothing like the splendid city that has lived above the middle ages in the center of Germany's iron and steel trade. They still make guns there today—for the Russians—but there's no joy there now. Many of the buildings have not been touched since before the war. It's grey—and gloomy—and dead.

I checked with the police. I didn't dare out. In fact, I was stopped as I left the train and directed exactly where to report. Then I was assigned a room and given directions as to the location of the labor office.

In the evening I wandered about the town, trying to get acquainted with my surroundings. I saw almost immediately that things would be more, under than I would have thought. For the most old towns that have only mechanical industries, many of the workers lived in small surrounding villages, moving in to work the day in and from work each day. A man, presumably working all of town at evening's end of work would hardly be present if he were to leave at night—any after a supper in town as many did—and walk at about four miles an hour, straight west, the border would be reached before two. True, one could not use the roads for more than an hour. To try to move more than two villages in a straight line would be to get the questioning. Being in the city means a stranger would stand out. A cycle would be faster, but then, where could one hope before dark, and at that time of the year, the sun does not set until past 10, so, walking would be best. I could walk to the first village, break my trip with a glass or two of beer and then get out for my "home" in the village beyond. But before I reached it, I would leave the road and strike out across country, hiding in the









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## Secret Spy Scoop



**HOW TO PUBLISH  
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made sure I knew what was expected of me.

Wine leaves out of tea, I arrived well before the girl. Actually, I was a part of what might be called the permanent company. It was one of like the regular where a new girl is hired for each drama.

But that there weren't any girls in the regular troupe. There were. We had a steady stable of three or four girls who filled in for emergency roles that suddenly, the big hit would be the new girl. She was the one audience was paying to see. After all, my group of Mikes-and they made up 75% of the potential audience, would get tired of watching the same girl star in show after show. But they never even seem to notice the man. Why should they?

I never implied that I got my regular pay. And at \$15,000 a year, guaranteed, who should I care. Anything else I could make through legitimate work was just as much money.

The attitude of the women never failed to amuse me. They all seemed so assured the first time they showed up. I could understand the feeling in the case of the actresses. But about two thirds of them were high-school girls who'd been sitting there looking for years. What they had to be frightened of? To never be able to leave me. That would happen to them, anyway. One girl told me one night they meant to tell her that was wrong. Why should anyone get that complicated? It would be in tomorrow's paper, it would have been accomplished without leading her right into the trap where, if anything went wrong, everyone would be in the trap. Besides, wasn't the point in watching a game, broken-down person?

Quite a few said they were afraid of being raped. That was really a laugh. Here they were, ready and willing to get out for the camera, and all they were worried about was being attacked. How silly can a girl get. All anyone who wanted the girl had to do was get into the act and he could have all his wants, without any trouble at all.

With the regular, waiting women it didn't take too much effort to get them at their own. A few drinks, a little conversation, and cash on the table and they were ready to do their best.

## THE AMATEURS were different.

It would suddenly hit them, right at a crucial spot, that the lights were on, the cameras were turning and half a dozen people were looking. One girl told me that she didn't mind the camera. It was unpleasant, but the idea of real, live people watching her made her feel terrible. There was nothing I could do about that. She got over it, pretty soon, by the way.

With the amateurs the best thing you could do was work them up. Once they got excited enough, they got it. Forget themselves and get lost in the reality of the scene. Crying helped too. I've rarely had problems though afterwards. What it was all over, a crying fit was by no means unusual.

On the other actresses, I recall one occasion when one star was a well-known Hollywood actress. She was sitting in a chair, as if she was the person the director called "light, action-camera," she seemed so totally professional as a looking. She was perfect. There was something that made her come through like a trouper. You'd never have known that five minutes before she was so moved that she'd actually been crying.

She was a fine looking woman. I honestly enjoyed her. Even though she didn't even know my name, she behaved as if we were lovers in a momentary. If I hadn't known she was acting, I'd have sworn that I was the one great love of her life. She couldn't have been anymore in my arms. And up—that's today I still remember it though it was quite a few years ago. She's still active and famous in her profession, today in fact, I saw one of her legitimate performances not too many weeks ago. She's as good and as happy as I ever.

Most of the amateurs are very naive about sex. They feel very strong and sophisticated about alluring themselves to be photographed, but their father expect that it'll be no different than that simple affair they had in their model. It comes as a surprise to them that the ordinary methods they'd used in the past would get very dull if repeated over and over again for even a single sex real movie. They've grown used to the idea of the things they're called upon to do. And others that they have heard about or read about, they never imagined were actually to be demanded of them. A few girls try to protest but at that point, even the first crying is already on film. There's little they can do except comply with demands.

Achewards, when it's all over the girls are quite bold and know just the opposite of what they'd been only as long as in before.

Just to a highlight I remember meeting one of these amateurs later on, about a year after we'd made a few weeks together. I'd gotten a lot part in a TV show—those were the days when dramas were still "new" and found that one of the girls on the show was an acquaintance. We were thrown together for a full week. She recognized me, of course, though she didn't know that the past moment were my real work. She figured I was like the rest, a poor starving man picking up some money money through the film lot.







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of men moved through the POW camps and passed out cigarettes and food. These men were captured played under a very heavy guard, while Mitsunaga stood back to make his arrangements. With an interpreter by his side to repeat his words to the grinning men, Mitsunaga spoke to the POWs. He shouted, "Your gods are useless! I am already aware of them. There is nothing you can do that is beyond our knowledge. To show you the failure of your escape plans, I have already, as you can see, captured your leaders. Now they shall pay for your crime. I order you to watch closely. And remember, any failure resulting on your part will be met with punishment equally severe."

He turned toward the guards. "Bring out the first man, he ordered."

One of the prisoners, a sergeant, was led out in front of Mitsunaga. While two of the guards forced him to his knees, Hara drove his sword and a knife through the sergeant's chest. The sergeant screamed and a high of horror ran through the POW ranks. But the Japs froze, answered with a mighty shout. "Banzai!"

Hara was disappointed. It had been too hot. This was hardly punishment. Why the sergeant had only taken ten seconds to swing his lieutenant was being chiding at the head of a second man. Hara considered what further steps would be taken. And then, after several of the other officers had raised their swords with angry blood, Hara stepped forward again.

This time, when the guards were about to force the prisoner to his knees, Hara barked out the words, "No. Let him stand," and without further ado he slung out horizontally with his sword, opening up his chest and fell from side to side.

The prisoner screamed as Hara stepped back making. The poor dying man flinched up, grabbing at his incisions which were swelling and on the ground. Slowly the man rose, once he had risen, he was on his hands and knees, his mouth open in a scream. The POWs shouted delightedly this was a mighty demonstration, more to hear. And when the Japs again raised their voices in shout "Banzai!" Hara shouted right along with them. He was happy now.

And so it went. Now that their captives had given an example, the other officers went to work with a will. In three and four the executioners returned. Hara had two more chances, before they were finished. After all while he could legally have done it all himself, he knew that a good officer is not selfish and shows his prisoners with his men. And Hara was to be crowned out "Banzai" after "Banzai" knew the situation in celebration.

That, had as it was, should have been the end of it. But it wasn't. For as any normally intelligent human being should have realized, no group of men is ever without leadership. Hara got up, and another instantly took it place. It said they. It's not human nature. And so, all through the afternoon's march, there was only too tragically aware that through the POW ranks, men were going everywhere to the Japs. Before the week, becoming up again, always food and water to the hungry and the thirsty.

Hara had tried. Hara was, he had made a mistake. He had captured the wrong man. Perhaps he had delayed the escape a few hours but since the leaders of the Tanks and Assault were still living, the big mistake had been serious to break out at any time.

Come dinner time, Hara decided to take further action. Perhaps a mistake had been made before, but that was certainly no reason not to finish the job now.

So to begin, he had finished his evening meal, the guard work began again. And this time Hara was lucky as prisoner as he had been. Twenty six prisoners were carried out before bedtime, with one more coming that night. And Hara after he had placed his guards for the night and turned to sleep, the sleep of a contented man. He had seen his duty clearly and he had done it.

In the morning, however, of horror. Three men had made good their escape. It was awful. He had overheard three drive, obviously. And now they were surely making their way to join the prisoners. The men would be captured and morning, without doubt, at the very least, to make plans as often to find out where and for how long. The only men who could possibly know where the POWs. He had to find a way to make them talk.

He tried hard, for at least. He threatened. He tried his pistol into the ranks. He walked among the POWs, menacingly, warning his men to talk. He started out as random. He had several prisoners imprisoned in cold blood. He had men. He captured others. He was, he was not sure. He got to know. That wasn't surprising since there were no answers to give.

At last, Hara gave up. He had to get moving, but at least he would stay alert. He passed guards carefully. He was not going. He kept men out on his hands. He ordered the prisoners to talk. He ordered that any man who resisted or hesitated should be cut down by sword or bayonet, immediately, without question of mercy. And the march began. They went as fast as they could, in three steps or better. Until at last the midnight break was forced by Hara's grating shout of

insure.

And during that week, as the prisoners—and the Japanese—were attending to the washing, some of them, five more POWs, made a run for it. Two of them made it.

That broke it. That broke it completely. Lining the men up, he selected every tenth man in the POW ranks and brutally ran them down. Really let men die there. All of them in agony.

It would take an entire book to catalogue that one week's madness. Kato proved that brutality and horror lived on themselves. He made, and he growing fear that he was making a complete fool of himself. Treated him from a place, over-imagined about not a total monster.

Katoshima now were the order of every day—every breath—and even along the mouth. Let a man go through a night with pain or discomfort and Kato, without fail, it was a slight on his honor or a laugh at his expense was ready. Indulgent to being in great suffering.

Twice, his own men left his camp. Each time, a man had laughed—usually at some small friendly joke. It didn't matter, there, were that discipline was falling apart, but the men killed on the spot.

All in all more than six hundred men died on that march. A few, less than a dozen, fell victim to accident or disease. The rest including the two unfortunate Japanese soldiers, were killed by Kato and his officers. By 1938 five thousand campers only 100 American and Australian prisoners arrived at the rear area headquarters to be shipped back to Japan.

To say that Kato Miyazawa's commanding general was surprised would be putting it mildly. In fact, he read Kato's report with absolute horror. It wasn't that he was in the rear disturbed by the loss of six hundred and more enemy lives. That part was totally unimportant. If none of the POWs had lived through the ordeal, it would hardly have mattered. After all, a dead enemy was easily preferable to a live one.

What was disturbing was the revelation of Kato Miyazawa's total complete loss of humanity to pain, his absolute actions without reason and the fact that he misinterpreted everything around him. In short, his staff were really a nervous mess. Looking no harm, no evil, were had been done. But how could that be explained to a higher headquarters to whom Kato Miyazawa was a darling as object of protection.

The general asked to secretly have coded code time memorandum. What agreed with an uncomfortable but he promptly drafted report A. It was filed and forgotten.

The 300 surviving POWs were placed aboard ship to be returned to Japan. They didn't enter it. The

ship was torpedoed and sunk. There were four survivors.

Kato never had a single major assignment thereafter. Transferred from New Guinea back to Java, he spent the rest of the war in relative quiet isolation. At the end of hostilities he was returned to Japan.

Kato Miyazawa was never persecuted. There were so many more important criminals to worry about. Relieved from the army he returned to the bosom of his loving family.

## DUEL FOR A DRUNKEN WOMAN (Continued from page 12)

Al: You couldn't see a flame on her lips here and that wasn't because my clothes covered her. She had a red, easy little face. She was about 25 and about seven to eight completely a woman, physically. She looked as though if you touched her all that business would burst.

"Go get 'em, Steaks," Vagner's general voice intoned. "Show 'em what you showed me, cowboy. Make 'em cry and all sorts of if you give 'em a good steak, fast."

This Saturday night, said said Vagner 20 blocks and counting any time. Nobody wanted that he getting gone over it. He made my mind that that grilling made potatoes and onions and pork and easily and other continued to as far as one week. To my thinking of the couple hundred he made on the food business. He wasn't taking any chances either. They and Vagner had a drink on the way again and that took care of Manning. Lee and the girl. The table was a little smaller and there was even talk of Vagner being definitely related to the general. Nobody was going to bother him.

We watched the girl begin to do her stuff like dance about the table. It was black, like, the girl gave from the single table photograph on her white and glowing polka dots. Not really afraid. A sort of awkward staggered about. Sometimes she would stop and bump and grab a little in front of one of the girls. All along the black area were watching on for her. Their choked voices were telling her what they could do for her. Over it all, you could hear Vagner's guttural laugh.

I was suddenly surprised to feel something touch against me. I turned to find Kato standing there next to me not looking against the bars, but just peering there, casually looking out. She stepped to me. "Give me a drink, fat Al. Vagner. He'll do it. And here to me you got there, especially if I like you. Come on, Kato. I'll give you my best. I get loaded real good. We can take the night. I want to see you."

We didn't say anything. We didn't even look at me. I turned away from him again, kept looking and watched the redhead Vagner had

He married, raised a family and lived a comfortable life. In 1946, he died of a stroke.

Only the record remained—a record only recently uncovered. The two—of, something of Kato's personal report on his people through—the his general's devious intentions were added to by interviews with those of the national Japanese who witnessed the terrible task.

And, ultimately, not one of them ever knew Kato's name. ♦ ♦ ♦

walked down to the middle of the red black sea and had grabbed her. He was hugging and kissing her, his hands all over her while he looked over her head and grinned at us, knowing what she was going to do. What it meant did that he pulled away from her a little like that.

"That was a real drunk, boy. Like what's said, the idea. What's your to be that lucky guy that won?"

The day that happened was very disturbing. He would make a self-made after he found the point of his back. He was running along the red black sea to be used to make up his mind the night, his right eye to speak when, hands, he heard Kato's that voice say, "Oh, Vagner, have a drink, give us a break for a change."

That was a little head jerked on his shoulders. "What?" he roared. "Who and that?"

"I did," Kato said to him. "My Kato. What's the matter, you think I'm a fat ignorant like you?"

The man who understood, stepped. Vagner's mouth, like you looked as though they'd come out of his face. For a long moment he didn't speak. Then he burst out. Before he could be calm, he showed a mouthful of sharp, sharp teeth. "You were right," he said. "I was right, but I'm not Vagner's man."

I drew myself up as Vagner walked toward us, trying to make myself look bigger. I was a head and a half taller than Kato and 10 pounds heavier. But I wanted to make sure Vagner wouldn't have any doubts as to the result. I knew what he was thinking.

"All right," Vagner said, softly. All right, Kato. If you're sure enough to get it away from me—now, you can have it."

Grown and Vagner with of disappointment puffed up and drew the back to Vagner. He looked with the rest of him attached to his pocket. I got on shaky with confidence as I watched him, under the door, as I watched him stand in that moment. I would have said the Kato. I was making sure, happy enough in my mind. It didn't even bother me, when Vagner punched the door open and out.

"If you don't beat the boys' daylight into him, you get The Heat, Raymond!"

He didn't have to worry. I'd been here in Nicks 14 days, already, looking at the pictures Vagner griddled, and been forced to watch some show, gone get the Saturday Night Treat, too times already. I could see the railroad, standing a few feet away from Vagner and the way his look was all glass-bumped from the excitement and I was no longer crying anymore.

I went knocking out of the opened door of the cell. But I'd forgotten about Kelsey. He got his foot between mine and I went springing to the paved alley on my knee. Vagner roared with laughter. I started to get up, a little grumpy, started to look around for Kelsey, anger burning in me, realizing suddenly that his body's close to me but he's behind. That railroad had finally broken him down. Then Kelsey kicked me back under the door. The cell lock clicked.

When I scrambled to my feet, a moment later, Kelsey's great knee was stomped upon the pill and she was staring at him, vainly, his huge, smooth, graying Vagner looked menacing upon me and drew a I didn't see Kelsey. The other side of the block were cowering both of us on, but most of them were to Kelsey. I started toward him. Then I saw a funny thing. Kelsey stopped.

Kelsey reached the little railroad, turned around behind her and caught her hand and stamp across the side of the neck with the edge of his railroad hand. As she wriggled, he gripped her naked body and kept it from falling, held it in front of him, gripped behind her. The whole cell block and Vagner, too, went dead quiet with amazement.

"Raymond," Kelsey said, his face glowing like red spotlights in the sudden alarm. "Stay out of this. Don't stick your nose in. Just stay close. You going out?"

That put in Vagner. I watched him climb on his leg 45, not his short, heavy legs again. "Stop her!" he told Kelsey. "Stop her, fast, Raymond, get back on your soap."

I didn't stop, I couldn't. I could only stare at Kelsey and know that he really was too bloody sure, even if he hadn't been right along. He'd never got away with this. Even if he could get past Vagner, he'd never get through the gate guard. But he kept moving slowly, reluctantly, holding the railroad's heavy white-smeared spine as front of him, looking far around the wall and stretched himself behind the sag of her. Only his eyes and the top of his bald head showed to Vagner.

"Go ahead and stop, Vagner," Kelsey said slowly. "I'll be in. Right in front of 45 come, you'll kill her, eh? What kind of a heart's will

you make out? Or maybe you're dumb enough to think you can let me, huh?"

The people went out of Vagner's face and some of the blood, and he looked like a curiously inflated balloon. His mouth began to shake in the dim light. "Quit this," he said, his voice started to change. "Get it out right now and there'll be no punishment. I'll forget the whole thing. You hear me, Kelsey?"

Apparently Kelsey didn't. His kind of paper drive poured out at Vagner over the back of the girl's head and head. He kept moving slowly toward Vagner. Vagner backed up two steps and slight sideways toward the gate of the end of the block, his eyes never leaving Kelsey's. He took another backward step then and Kelsey roared his rage, the loudest I'd ever heard it. "Now's your chance, Lady. Where's your heart?" he screamed. "Get him around the throat from behind!"

Vagner was too pale even from the alarm but in that moment of panic he didn't react. A. He screamed hoarsely, lunged forward and twisted his head around to see behind him. That was when Kelsey pushed the screaming girl ahead of him in a staggering run toward Vagner. When Vagner turned his head back, Kelsey and the girl were only a few feet away.

The sound of the shot made my ears ring for what seemed like hours. I could see Vagner's mouth working but couldn't hear what he was saying as he watched the girl fade in the girl's hand have belly spout blood. Kelsey turned his head and she jolted forward onto her head and knees in the floor and spread there, her back and hair bunched out and covering her face.

The ringing in my ears broke just as time to hear Kelsey say calmly: "Maybe she just spoke dead, Mr. Vagner. If she isn't, you'd better get busy right away."

That was ridiculous but Vagner was shaking all over and looking at the girl on the floor and at the big revolver still waving smoke in a state of shock. He moved stiff-legged toward the girl. He squatted down beside her, the 45 clanging from his right hand. Before he could turn the girl over, Kelsey clapped forward and brought his fist down on the little place between Vagner's shoulders and head, where it was exposed lightly. Vagner went forward on top of the girl.

I said: "What the hell, Kelsey? Now there's going to be—"

I DIDN'T finish. The words got stopped up on my throat as I watched Kelsey bend and take Vagner's thick hairy-backed hand, still holding the 45 and put the ends of his fingers against Vagner's right temple and holding his own finger over Vagner's, against the trigger.

That shot didn't make as much

noise. It was muffled a little. There's a boom and crash with both of Vagner's eyes popped back into his head, splattered over Kelsey. He didn't open his eyes.

In half an hour, The Little White Flower began to weep. "We'll all get in trouble for this, the crazy dead! We'll all get extra time, you damned criminals, just why do you have to do this?"

"That so?" Kelsey had his, quickly, and the alarm died then. He even stopped whispering, the calm softness of Kelsey's voice was such a shock to him. None of us will get into any trouble. Because none of us will know anything about this. You understand? We won't know anything."

He pointed. Nobody answered him. His talking eyes moved up and down the pill block, then came to rest on me. There his expressionless gaze gave me a chill but I couldn't get my eyes away from him. He said in the same tone: "Raymond's going to help me lay out back against Vagner's eyes behind the other. We'll leave him there, with the empty bottle. We'll come back and clean up the mess down here. You all understand?"

Nobody said anything. Kelsey jerked his head at me and I thought about what he had said and I couldn't see anything wrong with it, so I helped him. It took us about an hour. Then we went back into our own cell and slammed the door as the automatic lock took hold. Vagner's left hand barely closed making a hook. One corner of us had the most time of the short county sentence to go and there would be little chance that we'd escape it.

There was a lot of noise all along the block after we got back, a lot of questioning and answering back and forth, before they all quieted down. It was as we were trying to get anything out of Kelsey. He was back in his stall about dawn. I was just dropping off to sleep, when I heard the sound of nothing, so soft I wasn't even sure what it was for a moment. Then I looked over and saw Kelsey's body shuddering, jerking and that he had his arm across his knees and his legs on his arm. I put up and went over to him.

Finally, I said: "What's the matter?"

He lifted his face from his arm and the purple spots were bloodshot and blurred and his knobby face was a wreck. "The matter?" he whispered, chokingly. "She was my wife, you damn bastard. I was there."

He shivered and wriggled from him to hard I fell back on my own back. I lay there and thought about it and why he worked criminals and why he didn't have anything to do with Vagner's groans until tonight. That then I saw that Kelsey stopped crying.

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